

THE EXAMINER.

"PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOLUME I.

THE EXAMINER:
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French Revolution.

We wish to understand, ourselves, and help others fully to understand, the causes of the great event, the spirit in which it was carried on, and the problem it seeks to solve. We continue, therefore, our quotations with regard to it—especially from English writers.

The decree against slavery we gave last week. The number of slaves under French Rule is thus set down—

	population.	Slaves.	Total.
Nationwide.	40,000	117,502	157,502
Metropolis.	32,059	55,069	87,068
Guadeloupe.	5,056	16,399	6,484
Total.	77,115	229,703	291,516

A law was passed in 1831 for the gradual emancipation of the slaves, and the number has been reduced about 1,500 per annum. The productions of these islands are as follows—

	Sugar & Molasses, lbs.	Coffee, lbs.	Total.
Nationwide.	56,652,303	1,443,915	58,096,218
Metropolis.	5,650,337	2,013,739	7,664,076
Guadeloupe.	5,929,321	41,764	5,971,085
Total.	67,232,022	3,495,458	67,723,171

The produce all goes to France, and the government derived last year 37,122,000 francs, 1,000,000, from the duty on the sugar.

The productions of these islands, some measure will be lessened by emancipation! "Let it be so!" say the French. "More or less sugar shall not determine so grave a matter as freedom. We will enjoy that ourselves, and give it to all coffee does go up, in price, and there goes to sweeten it with!" Read, then, the following address by the Provisional Government to their colonies.

TO OUR BRETHREN IN THE COLONIES.

In the presence of the noble and generous nature of the people, whence will spring liberty, we recommend our brethren in the colonies to remain calm and tranquil. They will thus give to the Provisional Government, which is composed of citizens devoted to the cause of emancipation, that power and liberty of mind which is necessary for the preparation of great human measure. Soo will there be neither masters nor slaves in the colonies.

The republic will give the slaves to France as new citizens. But it is necessary that each should not forget the rights and duties conferred upon them by the name of citizen.

We must, by our love of order, labor, and truth, prove ourselves equally worthy of that name with the heroic people of France. We must, by our calmness and moderation, teach not merely France, but the whole world, that we are capable of making the greatest sacrifice, and exercising the greatest self-sacrifice, in order to obtain liberty. Impatience would spoil everything.

We will recommend the negroes to put confidence in the whites; the whites to trust the negroes; and all classes to put confidence in the government. We will, by our efforts, the former to consider their duty, as good citizens, to forget the past, and the latter to make the most sincere and loyal preparation for the new era on which we are about to enter.

Let us hope that the free will of the planters will cause the whip to disappear from all the plantations. A generous beginning alone can assure gratitude.

We must facilitate the task of government by making large concessions to the laborers, and employ ourselves diligently and without delay to the organization of labor. This great and noble problem, which it will be the endeavor of the republic to solve, is much more easy of solution in the colonies than in France. The laboring men of the country would therefore, be strongest in their most important duty as citizens, and the most zealous from the first to the last, to devote themselves frankly and loyally to the task, that the most important element of universal happiness may result therefrom.

Let this grand deus of civilization, order, liberty, and brotherhood include all men of all complexions. Let every one well weigh his terms in his conscience, and consult his heart, in order to pursue its realization with all the force which he has at his disposal. Order leads to liberty, and liberty conducts to universal brotherhood.

The fall of greatness has been utterly without dignity.

"A consistency Louis should have, goes in Vienna, to show the Emperor to what great Monarchs may come by politic counsel." But we, by our efforts, the only recompence which we can get from our compatriots is, that they should not precipitately, but should place implicit confidence in our devotion, which will only be lost by the sword, it continues:

"What has Louis Philippe done for us? We knew of no sacrifice too great for obtaining this end, and, if we, we have made some little progress towards it. But, by our efforts, the only recompence which we can get from our compatriots is, that they should not precipitately, but should place implicit confidence in our devotion, which will only be lost by the sword, it continues:

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THE EXAMINER.

J. C. VAUGHN, EDITOR.
P. C. COBB, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

LOUISVILLE, APRIL 15, 1818.

More Submission to the People—Greater Advances in Human Freedom!!

Telegraphic news by the Steamers Washington and America, will be found on third page. Though brief, they yet bear glorious tidings!

Republicanism, peoples rights, widely demands, despotism shorn of its power, Kings made subject to public opinion, and slave State shows, and slave royal pretences, lie down as false coin! Why, the old world is waking up. It has a heart; can say and do things which will not die. Even the stout will of Blum of Prussia, who talked right royalty of what he would do, has wisely conceded all that was granted, while his Kingly cousin of Bavaria has abdicated, died, it may be, dressed in blues, and as a common servant. And as for Austria, the Milites has bearded her soldiers, and conquer'd!

Courage, friends! This mighty European conviction is no whiff of human passion which a King's will may sport with. It is no bubble which a Royal soldiery may prick and let burst. God's finger is in it, and it will yet break the thrall of man!

We take all this for granted! We believe, when the time of action comes, that the Democracy will be in the right position. And for our part, we care not who sounds the summons from what quarter it comes, calling upon all to gird their loins for a new career of conquest over human wrong.

C. M. Clay, or J. H. Clay, T. B. Waters, and others.

This was a suit at law instituted by C. M. Clay, against the "Committee" at Lexington, for the destruction of the printing establishment of the "True American."

The venue was changed, and the case tried in Jessamine county.

The defendants pleaded, that the paper called the "True American," was established by C. M. Clay, to procure the emancipation of the slaves, and that the subject had not been discussed temperately and moderately, but in a manner to render the slaves insubordinate and inclined to insurrection, and, therefore, the printing press of the "True American" had become a moral nuisance, which the defendants with 55 others had abated in pursuance of the request of the public meeting. The plaintiff demurred, and the court sustained the demurral, and adjudged the ples bad.

A verdict was then rendered for the Plaintiff of \$2,500.

The defendants appealed.

The verdict will surprise no one. There is no large portion of the people of the State who are not for upholding in letter and spirit the liberty of the Press, or who are not opposed, in mind and heart, to anything like mob-action against it. We do not purpose entering into the merits of the famous Lexington case. Let by-gones be by-gones! But we venture to affirm, that all, or nearly all the actors in it, regret that it occurred, regret the part they took in it, and would be the last to assuage again, either the rights of persons or property, in the illegal manner they did.

We are endeavoring to procure a full report of the trial; if we succeed, we shall lay it before our readers, for it is important, not only to the present, but to the future, that everything connected with the Lexington case should be fairly stated:

Count the Cost.

As do it!

We would have all go farther, and fare better; we have no faith in the eternal appeal to man's interests, as if they had not enough to look beyond the dollar; no faith whatever, in the doctrine which teaches, that the *cash* calculation, the enquiry simply, how much shall we make or lose, is the one great need.

"Have we not made it? Is not the South, now, governed by it?" It is so, in part. These men who say, "Negroes cost us so much, bring us so much, make us this and that wealthier, and, therefore, we will not part with them—will denounce those who seek to emancipate them." But with the educated, with the influential, with all men of pride—other, and we should say, in this comparison, *better*, feelings prevail. They say, "This possession gives us ease, rank, adds to our social and political influence, makes us rulers over others, besides slaves, and, therefore, we will defend the institution, *clinging* to it, let what may happen."

No matter, however, what prevails, no matter how human slave-holders are, there is no positive thrill of their *thriving*, as a class, while they continue such. What is it to thrive? "To put money in our pockets," vaguely answers *hundreds*. Well, let this be the test. When will you go to make it? Wedo not care where—Alabama, Mississippi, South Carolina. Begin. Count up the number of planters, in any neighborhood, that twenty, ten years ago, and ask, what is their condition now, what the condition of the country around them? We venture to say, that not ten of the heads of families out of fifty, have saved enough to secure a competence, that not ten out of every fifty of their sons have turned out useful and virtuous citizens; that not ten out of any fifty neighborhoods have schools to educate all, a growing population, a hardy, industrious people!

But what is it to thrive? Answer, parent, that question thyself. Here are three boys born to you. You love them. You would die for them any how. Well, a vision comes to you, in which you see them, not pampered, not waited on, not others, but busy, active, sturdy doers among men—poor it may be, but honored—punctured sometimes, yet standing up like bravest, and cutting through hand difficulties, triumphantly. The scene changes. Another vision comes, in which you give them each an hundred slaves, and they go forth, not to work, but to look on, not to make an impress on society, but to float down upon whatever current happens to be strongest, not to enrich the earth, but to live and die as if mere enjoyment, pastime, were their all in all. And were you told, "Now the lot of these loved boys, either of these lives they may lead?" Let us ask, which would you choose? Which condition decree? You could not hesitate a second. You would say, "Let them be men." What is it, then, to thrive? It is to be in that position in which the best faculties of mind and heart are best employed, in which whatever is good in us, is developed, made to grow, and thus permanently to benefit ourselves and all around us.

And what is true of the individual, is true of a nation, a whole people. Here is France with her name linked now with freedom. Who thought, under her old monarch, of cheering her, calling her great? Who could be rapt with enthusiasm about her, or her king? She has driven him away! The men of horns, made so by hand toil, who "society" calls coarse and vulgar, and sneers at—did they not this glorious deed. And hark, how the world's heart leaps! See how from nation to nation, as the lightning from crag to crag, darts the influence of this deed, moving the masses, and making them rise up to do France honor! They ask not, whether France is making or losing money, but they say, France is assisting the liberty of man—means to assist it—to have all enjoy it, realize it, as a right God-given, and inalienable, and they fling up their caps, and shout aloud for very joy, and in the ear of monarchs thunder, "What liberty must be, we will have it!" Is France thriving then? Put the question, reader, to thine own best sense. Let the answer come from that, and then with aye, "aye, she is thriving truly, grandly." Then will say with the glorious young poet, Louisville:

Is here no triumph? Nay, what though the yellow blood of trade meanwhile should pour. Along its arteries a shrunken flow, And with it, a drop around the shore? Those do not make a State. Not keep it great; I think God made The Earth for man, not trade. And, where each humblest human creature Can stand, no more suspicious or afraid, Great and kindly in his right of nature, To Heaven and Earth with harmonious voice. Who behold the exultation Of manhood glowing in those eyes That had been dark for ages, Or only lit with best loves, and rages—Then behold a nation.

The France which lies Between the Pyrenees and Rhine Is the least part of France, I see it never in the soul whose shire, Burns there the craftsman's grimy countenance. In the new energy divine Of God's enfranchised glance. Into that soul we all look: it is that which lifts up the individual; it is that, also, which elevates a nation, and each thrives as each does most to improve, purify, strengthen the mind and heart, and make universal the Christian rule in all things.

But then, keeping in view the lower consideration—the simple losing or making of money—the economy of the thing—and we say, the only way for a people to thrive is to be free! Count the cost of slavery, after any fashion, and this result can be made clear to all. There is no such word connected with it, as *thriving*. It is eating, eating our substance every day, and every hour of every day—paling, the glow of creative energy in us by its destructive breath—unerring the moral tone through its debasing influences. Is proof demanded? We have given it over and over again; but here it is illustrated, at least, by new examples, if not in a new way. And, first, of agricultural products:

All the South. Agricultural products. New York, 1839. \$2,662,521. The free State against all the slave States! The State away up North, with hard winters not over fertile soil, producing more than all the South with its great staples, genial climate, and rich earth! But pass on, second, to the cost of invention—the manufactures of both sections, as exhibited by the census:

Free States. Slave States. Value of articles Manufactured, \$197,650,000 \$34,175,184

Spindles employed in little Rhode Island 58,247 20,690

Here again the *free* bound away ahead of the *slave*. Nay to that, the smallest State in the Union, Rhode Island, uses nearly twice as many spindles as the whole South! Let us proceed, however, thirdly, to the *annual earnings* of the two great divisions, and thus ascertain the productive power of each:

Free States. Slave States. Annual earnings \$52,575,125 \$34,042,975

N. & S. Carolina Georgia, Ala. Miss. \$192,602,179 20,719

Thus the *slave* exemption shall not extend to any mortgage thereon lawfully obtained, but such mortgage or other alienation of such land by the owner thereof, if a married man, shall not be valid without the signature of the wife to the same.

Sig. 3. Whenever a levy shall be made upon the lands or tenements of a householder, whose household has not been selected, and set apart by the tax assessor, he, or his wife, or both, and each of his dependents, including the dwelling house and its appurtenances, the amount specified in the first section of this Act, and the expense of said survey shall be charged on the execution, and collected thereupon.

Sig. 4. If the plaintiff in execution shall be dissatisfied with the quantity of land selected and not apart as aforesaid, the officer making the levy shall cause the same to be surveyed, and the tax assessor shall make a new survey, and set apart of his dependents, including the dwelling house and its appurtenances, the amount specified in the first section of this Act, and the expense of said survey shall be charged on the execution, and collected thereupon.

Sig. 5. Nothing in this Act shall be construed as exempting any real estate from taxation or sale for taxes.

This act was passed in the Senate on the 20th ult., by twelve ayes to four nays: in the House the vote stood upon it, ayes thirty-three, nays twenty. A. G. WORTH, Atty. Gen.

What a fearful contrast! Virginia behind Rhode Island, and Massachusetts with four times as many scholars, as all the slave States! Only 521 persons (a very few of these being native) make torn and write in Connecticut, while 28,615 free whites of age in South Carolina, and a third of the *adults* in Kentucky are unable to read with our enormous school fund of over a million of dollars!!!

Ay, *count the cost!* Count it well, iniquous men, laborers, patriots, christians, parents! And you will, one and all, find slavery the heaviest source of expenditure in every relation, the mightiest drain upon purse, head and heart—the saddest, severest drought upon manhood, that humanity ever endured, or heaven tolerated. *Count the cost* in this, or any human wrong, and you will admit, that the true economy, the surest road to wealth, the only way to thrive— to call down upon any institutions of Government stability and growth, is to do, to the right—to be just now—do right always.

The *Chant of the Girondins*.

We have given the Marseillaise, another song, "the chant of the Girondins," is sung enthusiastically by the French. It is taken from Dumas' play of "Le Chevalier de Maison Rouge," and is thus translated by an English writer:

By the sound of her cannon alarming, Fair France to her children entices, Her voices of our mother arise!

—"Tis the voice of our mother arise!

For country and freedom to bleed!

With arms for the strife—fierce and gory,

If the fall, the bright halo of glory

Shall bear o'er his brow as he dies!

For Country and freedom to bleed,

Is a lot to be envied indeed!

The *Revolution—Aims—Opinions of Carlyle—Character of the Members of the Provisional Government, &c.*

On first page. We have collected much there which we think worth reading. The views of Thomas Carlyle—characters of the Provisional Government, &c. There are, too, illustrations of, and tributes to the brave artizans of Paris, and views of Louis' conduct and character from Tory and Liberal. A. H. hour's attention to these matters will not be thrown away.

France.

See notice of debate in the House and Senate on the resolutions offering our sympathy with France. This will be found interesting and instructive.

Good Words.

Put down in thy thoughts, reader, the true saying of Archibald Leighton. If thou dost, they will serve thee many a good turn. He says—

"Good words will do more than hard speeches; as the sunbeams, without any noise, made the traveller cast off his cloak, which all the blustering of the wind could not do, but made him blit if the lighter."

The county Treasurer of Cincinnati has furnished the Gazette of that city with the aggregate amounts paid in several years, which includes the total receipts of the County Treasury, for direct taxes, licenses, &c., the year ending in June of each year:

In 1810, Rev. Joshua L. Wilson, Treasurer, \$2,694 51

In 1812, D. Wade, Treasurer, 13,972 77

In 1813, R. Fowle, do. 55,057 44

In 1814, W. Holmes, do. about 922,222 52

In 1817, W. Holmes, do. about 475,000 00

and shout aloud for very joy, and in the ear of monarchs thunder, "What liberty must be, we will have it!" Is France thriving then? Put the question, reader, to thine own best sense. Let the answer come from that, and then with aye, "aye, she is thriving truly, grandly." Then will say with the glorious young poet, Louisville:

Is here no triumph? Nay, what though the yellow blood of trade meanwhile should pour.

Along its arteries a shrunken flow,

And with it, a drop around the shore?

Those do not make a State. Not keep it great;

I think God made The Earth for man, not trade.

And, where each humblest human creature

Can stand, no more suspicious or afraid,

Great and kindly in his right of nature,

To Heaven and Earth with harmonious voice.

Who behold the exultation

Of manhood glowing in those eyes

That had been dark for ages,

Or only lit with best loves, and rages—

Then behold a nation.

Joy to the land of the clustering vine,

To the land of song and dance!

Aye! shall a foolish wreath be thine?

Columbine, with a cordial hand,

Salutes thee o'er the sea,

And bids thee a sister land,

Dear France, forever free!

Then joy to the land of the clustering vine,

To the land of song and dance!

Aye! shall a foolish wreath be thine?

Alas! jocund! Fire to France!

Alas! jocund! Fire to France!

Now comes the hour to be bold,

For the voice of freedom is strong!

Now comes the hour to be bold,

For the voice of freedom is strong!

Now comes the hour to be bold,

For the voice of freedom is strong!

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For the voice of freedom is strong!

LITERARY EXAMINER.

26 a Daughter on her Birthday, July 23, 1850.

BY THE REV. W. BELLOE.

"Tu spem redicis mentem, anaxis Vivesque."—H.

How many virtues should be seen?
When once the maid becomes sixteen;
To watch a father's failing years;
To dry an anxious mother's tears!

How many ill may chance befall;
A brother, who is far from wide,
Who sits on the green sea's foam,
Much, but, sit in vain, for home.

Then should a sister's tender care
Against his wish'd return appear.

Perhaps some younger prattle's noise;

A parent's feather health annoys;

Then should a sister's better sense

Provide a cure for petulance.

Perhaps the infant's shrill cry

Proclaims no tender love, but high;

Such a noise for which dispose

To hunt the charms to repose.

Perhaps the world too hard may press,

And penury and keen distress

May cloud the hospitable door;

Where peace and plenty still before;

There should the action bosen prove.

The comfort of a daughter's love,

For then the eye and hand press

The skin, and far for longer days.

Such are the virtues to be seen.

When once the maid becomes sixteen;

But let not racing beauty's bloom

With pale solicitude consume,

No pride with over anxious fears,

That care must multiply with years.

Sweet are the pleasures to be seen

When once the maid becomes sixteen.

Then shall the gentle bosom prove

With all the tenderness and heat,

Connecting humanes and truth

With thoughts of some more favor'd youth.

Then, too, shall health a glow diffuse,

Fit subject for the youthful muse;

Then shall a father's fondness trace

The mother's charms, the mother's grace;

Agnal shall hang enam'd o'er

Whist thrill'd the bosom long before;

Then his girl's accents in my mind

Return to his bosom shall first find

And in the press which all below

The sweetest recompence shall know.

Manners, the fruit of staling sense;

And smiles, the gift of innocence,

Good humor, warm desire to please,

With cheerfulness and graceful ease.

Sweet qualities and thousand more

Which parents gaze with rapture o'er;

For all on this fair morn be seen,

For Jove is now become sixteen.

A few Hours in the Country.

AN ENGLISH SKETCH.

The hexameters of Southey will serve as well for the commencement of this chapter as any syllables which present themselves to our pen on the spur of the moment: for really and truly, as the bard of *Vision* expressed it, "Pensive and lost in thought, we sat in our chamber musing." Our thoughts, wave-like and devious, now rolling along like billows, then tossed like straws upon them, moved onward as chance directed. Ideas, fraught with ancient feelings, held willing sway for the moment, and now dashing along full freighted; anon floating with time's bright bubbles, or flowing 'mid currents unending, kept wandering with pointless purpose. Bah! a true to hexameters and all their "gouty feet." Why should we try the Pegasus of poor Southey, which limps under our weight, most confoundingly, and threatens to throw us headlong to the earth at each step? We can push along much more quickly in the humble conveyances of modern times. In sober prose, we were thinking of revolutions, railways, dismored bills, electric telegraphs, deposed kings, humbled princes, fugitive ministers, depressed consuls, spendthrift republics, extravagant governments, oppressive taxation, curtailed incomes, speedy intelligence, and all the curiosities and inventions of modern times, till, the mind taking a backward leap from the present to the past, we mused on the decay of ancient customs, the manners of our forefathers, and the pleasures of primitive simplicity, of old hospitality, baronial grandeur, and a thousand things long passed away. We were in what is called a "brought study" when our mad-cap Cousin Joe burst in upon us, and boisterously insisted that we should leave our books and papers and go forth "to oil the springs of life," as he expressed it, which he insisted were breaking for want of lubrication.

"What do you propose?" we asked.

"Oh," said he, "there is a *feast*, this week, at

Carden, in Cheshire; let us away to Broxton, take up our quarters at the Egerton Arms there, the pleasantest inn in the three kingdoms, a jolly landlord, a smiling hostess, sweet, pretty daughters, and a view from the windows enough to make all Cockneydom fall in love with fields and pay no more worship to the smoky town."

"What sort of *feast* is this you speak of?"

The square, yelping Hurstle Leche, has

just emerged from what the lawyers call his

infancy, and attained the right to spend

£10,000 a year, free from the trammels of

his guardian, the Marquis of Westminster,

and so he is about to feast nobles in his hall

and tenants on his lawn, to gratify the poor

with strong ale, stronger cheese, and roast

oxen, and to give the whole country side

a treat of bonfires, rockets, Roman candles,

blazing wheels, and in short, fun, feeding,

and fireworks, of all descriptions."

"And there are to be rustic sports, and

races, and chases, and I know not what,"

said cousin Joe.

"Say no more, have with you, we replied;

"we will forthwith oil those springs to

which you now make allusion."

And so we went; and proceed we with

the speed of the modern railway to say as

much as may prove amusing aent two

days out: of the six that were devoted to re-

joicing for the majority of Squire Leche.

Railways make short work of journeys

now-a-days. We took tickets at Monk's

Ferry; and, after three-quarters of an hour

of clatter, bang, clang, whizz, fizz, screech,

rumbling, trundling, shaking, and jolting,

we were discharged at the ancient city of

Chester. Here we chartered a gig, and

with a spanking bay before us that would

have delighted Charles Goldfinch, set off at

a glorious trot, over one of the best roads

in the country, for Broxton. We expected to

find the Egerton Arms in a roar with merry

farmers, jolly rustics, and smiling dairy-

maids; but no, that most respectable of

inns was as peaceful as the hut of a hermit.

Its oaken staircase, and polished floors, for

it was without one of the family stale

of Cheshire, were all unstained by the

feet of yeomen or plough-boys, and its rudy

hostess, its sole occupant, presided over a

deserted mansion. All the country had

gone to Carden. As it was early we resol-

ved to be spectators.

We were just too late for the prelimin-

ary procession and the reception of the ten-

antry at the hall, but we were assured that

we missed nothing, as the party, contrary to

their expectation, were received, not by the

"young squire" himself, but by his agent.

They were left to enjoy themselves as they

best could in the park, and, as the weather

was somewhat gloomy and the ground damp,

complaints of cold feet were numer-

ous. We found the party thus, and any-

thing but merry or comfortable. A fine set

of rural blossoms were those same farmers

of Cheshire, jolly, ruddy, bright-eyed, broad-

shouldered, well limbed, stalwart, hand-

some fellows, brimful of quiet humor, and not at all sparing of witty remarks on the kindness of the gentleman who had so benevolently turned them out to grass on the richness part of his domain. "The squire, like all the rest," said one who came from a distance and could speak his mind freely, "does us the honor to own our land; and kindly saves us the trouble of shooting our hares, pheasants, and partridges, only asking us to feed them, and surely we may wait patiently when he allows us to range in his own park."

"Hush! hush!—here's the Squire, and Sir Watkin, and young Walmsley, and—

"Where, where?"

"There—hush!"

The huntman, the squire, the whipper-in, and all of the chase who were up pursued at Mr. Fenna's gate; the huntman gave a peal on his horn, and the cavalcade dashed through the gate, some scrambled into the adjacent meadow, but all managed somehow to gain the open fields, where they spurred forward, and swept like a hurricane after the pack. Stragglers continued to come up, during the next twenty minutes, some of them long after the leaders of the chase had been out of sight, but, notwithstanding, they spurred their jaded horses over the fields, and enjoyed a triumphal return to the hall.

"Who is that youth with the short black tobacco pipe in his mouth, whom all the rest are following?" we asked, innocently.

"That, that's why that's the young squire!" replied a black-coated yeoman at our elbow.

It was true; this was the hero of the day; and he was pulling away with a heavy gun that would have won the best affections of one of Ireland's hodmen, at a short distance, which he had become as black as the inside of a chimney-pot.

"And who is that rather tall gentleman, (we began now to suspect who the gentlemen were,) with a singular complexion, and I beg—I beg pardon—I was about to say, rather ill-dressed for such an occasion?"

"That," replied our neighbor, "is Sir Watkin."

"Sir Watkin!"—what Sir Watkin Wiliams Wynne, the pride of Welshmen?

"You are thinking of his father," said one who stood near, "the Sir Watkin."

"True, true, I had forgot."

The rustic sports had commenced. The squire's guests were full of frolic, and displayed their high breeding or their game in a thousand ways. Young Mr. Walmsley, the son of a worthy proprietor, a stalwart squire who would have done honor to England in her best days, seized one of the donkeys entered for the race, and declared no one should ride it but himself. He mounted, and alighted the haughty laughter of his companions, some of the farmers looking grave, and others declaring admiringly that he was "game to the backbone." He rode the race, contending, thus mounted, against the ploughboys and farm servants his competitors.

The sports ended, the invited guests retired to enjoy the repast prepared for them, which had been laid out by order of the squire—not in the hall of his fathers—but in a stable, which was handsomely fitted up for the occasion.

The farmers went to work with right good will at the port and sherry, and having finished what was placed before them, and ascertained that no more was forthcoming, they adjourned to the green, where a display of fire-works concluded the day's sports.

We cannot sit still in the country. The bright sky, the sweet air, the hills, the woods, the lawns, the gilded towers, and glittering streams call forth with voices the devils of hell.

Having informed ourselves of the dinner hour, we found that a frank and uncoronated habit was highly relished, we saluted forth.

"The hounds; whose hounds? Where?" exclaimed.

"Sir Watkin's," replied Tom, not wasting more breath than was necessary.

The rustic sports had commenced.

"The hounds; whose hounds? Where?"

"I am not so in Sawyer's day."

And then, should she be a good wife,

or a bad wife, or a good wife,

or a bad wife, or a good wife,

or a good wife, or a bad wife,

or a